

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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W. P. WALTON.

It is Coming.

The law abiding people of Kentucky are beginning to speak as they have never spoken before. You can hear them in the stores, on the streets, wherever men meet and congregate. You can read it in their newspapers, that at last they begin to realize their true mission as reformers. And it is time—God knows it is time!—the people and the newspapers were waking up. Thirteen hundred and forty-three wanton murders committed in the State of Kentucky since the 1st of January, 1878. An average of 223 and five-sixths per year! Is it not time that the people should rouse themselves?

We have law to punish murder, says one; why is it not enforced? Ahi! good friend that is the question. Why is it not enforced? Within six years over thirteen hundred beings put to death by the cruel hand of murder, the machinery of law put in requisition to punish the murderer, and only eight hang—four white men and four negroes! O, what avail is the law, if its letter is to be suppressed, to be trampled under foot, and its machinery, the ingenuity of the courts exhausted to discover technicalities to shield the murderers and protect them from the vengeance of the outraged law! Where is the good of laws administered? Of what benefit are the courts to the people? The maintenance of these courts, the costs of the farcical prosecution therein, all of which are paid by the people, make up a terrible burden of taxation. And this burden is increased each year.

The people are getting tired of it all, woefully tired of it all. There is going to be such an outburst of popular indignation and popular vengeance in this State in the near future as has never been witnessed in any civilized community since the Lynch-law episode in Mississippi nearly half a century ago and the vigilante experience in California in 1850-51. The public mind is ripening for the outbreak, and when it does come there will be hanging enough. Much as we deplore mob rule, our judgment tells us that it would be far preferable to the present state of affairs. The advantage the mob possess over the courts that at present administer the law is its immunity from the blandishment of technicalities. From its verdicts there is no appeal. Its executions follow swift upon its judgments. The murderer it condemns will find no friend, no savior, in the court of appeals. It can not be corrupted with money. Its eyes are not blinded by the glamour of family prestige. It is imperturbable in the sun that shines and the rain that falls. It simply does the work the law should perform. And it does not increase the burden of taxation. Its judges draw no salaries, its juries receive no fees, its processes cost no money. The law would be preferable to the mob if it could be depended upon. But it can not be—no dependence can be placed in it. It reads well in the books, it sounds admirably in judges' instructions, but their praise of it must end. It is a promise destined for performance—the ghost of a shadow.

And what is mob law but the ruling power of the people materialized in virtuous action—and we contend and proclaim that the action of the people of a community that summarily rids the world of a murderer is a virtuous action. It is the community acting in defense of its own lives and peace. The certainty of punishment is the only thing that gives value to penal law. Rob it of that certainty and it is valueless. As Judge Lynch gave peace and quiet to Mississippi and California in the old days, so will he give quiet to Kentucky now. We can not express a reverence for our laws as at present administered, because we feel no such horror. The rather we would welcome it as the savior of the State, the champion of the people's rights to live their lives to a natural end; a terrible enough savior, it is true, but one that will do its work well, with neatness and dispatch. Therefore we say, if the law is to be further distorted to shield rather than punish murderers, then give us Lynch-law, quickly, and plenty of it. We, for one, shall not contribute any mauldin sentimentality to oppose its advent.—[Breckenridge News.]

It is difficult to appreciate the sudden development of delicate sensibilities among the elder members of the Grant family. No one has ever heard of their refusing gifts before, whether they came in cash or some other questionable shape. They positively declined however, to accept the \$150,000 which Vanderbilt offers them. In the meantime many of the victims of the Grant & Ward fraud are ailing and starving in New York.—[Post.]

JUST AS GOOD.

Many unscrupulous dealers may tell you they have remedies for Coughs and Colds equal in merit and to every just as good as the old reliable Dr. Rosenthal's Cough and Lung Syrup, unless you insist upon this remedy and will take no other, you are liable to be greatly deceived. Price, 50 cents and \$1.00. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

TRY IT YOURSELF.

The proof of the pudding is not in chewing the string, but in having an opportunity to try the article yourself. McRoberts & Stagg, the Druggists, have a free trial bottle of Dr. Rosenthal's Cough and Lung Syrup for each one who is afflicted with Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption or any Lung affection.

The Tooth Factory.

The domain of the dentist is about to be disputed. A great discovery has been made which will revolutionize the whole business, and emancipate the sufferers. A factory has been established, with plenty of capital to back it, for the purpose of making sets of artificial teeth by machinery. All that any one who is troubled with teeth will have to do will be to get them all pulled out. Then he can purchase a brand new machine-made set and be exempt from toothache all the rest of his life. There is, of course, nothing new in the making and use of artificial teeth, but it will be easily seen that the manufacture by machinery presents great advantages. When the making of watches by machinery was started there were many protests that the new way would never be as good as the old. But the exactness soon attested, and the convenience of having the parts interchangeable, brought about a revolution, and the factory watches now rank above the hand made. The same advantages will be had in the factory teeth. If one set gets broken, or comes out, an exactly similar one can be ordered from the factory at very small cost. If the plate gets cracked it can be replaced in the same way. All that will be necessary will be to give the number of the plate, and a new one, precisely like the old, will be sent by return mail.—[New York Mail and Express.]

Two Two—They were walking together under a very little umbrella, and she liked him well enough not to want a large spread of alpaca. He was modest and seemed to be nervous, and she finally remarked, very softly, and with a note of interrogation:

"Charlie?"

"Yes, Fannie," he responded.

"I'll carry the umbrella, if you will let me."

"O, no, I can carry it."

"Yes, Charlie, but, you see, your arm takes up so much room that one side of me is out in the wet."

"I know that, Fannie, but what will I do with my arm; won't it be in the way just the same?"

"I don't know, Charlie. G. Clark always knows what to do with his, when he is walking under an umbrella with Mary Martin, because Mary told me so."

Poor Charlie.—[Marchant Traveler.]

When a young man finds that he has given expression to a pun he should take a piece of aspersion about as big as a flick orange and chew it. He will not feel like making another pun as long as the taste of the drug remains in his mouth. He should carry some of the drug in his vest pocket when he goes out in company and keep a piece in his mouth constantly. It may be offensive to the company, but it will not be half so offensive as his old back number teeth worn puns, and he will become a favorite. If this course will not cure him he had better go drown himself.—[St. Louis Globe.]

The room in the tower of London in which Sir Walter Raleigh was so long imprisoned is 8x14 feet in size, and so low that it was impossible for Raleigh to stand erect in it. The walls of the room are eighteen feet in thickness, and there is only one window—an opening 10x20 inches—from which the only thing that can be seen is the blank wall of an adjoining building. Here Raleigh lived for fourteen years, never being once out of the room until the day on which he was taken to Great Tower Hill to beheaded.

A National Bankruptcy law (such as the last one was) offers the weak business man a premium for surrendering. His men are discharged; his assets are consumed by tax eaters. Fear of a repetition of such a scandal has probably brought about the recent refusal of Congress to act in this matter. The panic of 1873-78 was prolonged by the workings of the law then in force. Business men should be induced to succeed—not to fail.—[Chicago Current.]

The latest surgical luxury is an instrument by which incisions may be made without giving pain. It consists of a knife which is regulated by a watch attachment, so that it advances at the rate of only one inch in six hours. A slight sensation of uneasiness is produced, which does not, however, prevent the patient from going to sleep.

A white ash tree with tall, straight body, free from limbs, makes very valuable timber. It is an excellent flooring for kitchens and washrooms which are not carpeted, as it does not absorb water as the softer woods do. The lower cut of the logs should be sawn up into whitewashers, wagon poles and other woodwork where lightness with strength is desirable.—[N. Y. World.]

The chief coffee-consuming country is the United States, and the coffee trade is one of the leading items of our foreign commerce, the value of our imports during the year past having been \$49,949,128. This was an increase of nearly 10,000,000 pounds in the amount consumed as compared with the previous year.

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How a Mother Cuts the Boy's Hair.

You can always tell a boy whose mother cuts his hair by the way he sits in the street and wriggles his shoulders. When a fond mother has to cut her boy's hair she draws the front hair over his eyes and leaves it there while she cuts that which is at the back. The hair which lies over his eyes appears to be surcharged with electric needles, and that which is silently dropping down under his collar band appears to be on fire. She has unconsciously pushed his head forward until his nose presses his breast. In the meantime he is seized with an irresistible desire to blow his nose, but he recollects that his handkerchief is in the other room. Then a fly lights on his nose, and does it so unexpectedly that he involuntarily dodges and catches the point of the shears in his left ear. At this he commences to cry and wish he was a man. But his mother doesn't notice him. When she is through she holds his jacket collar back from his neck and with her mouth blows the short bits of hair from the top of his head down his back. He calls her attention to the fact, but she looks for a new place in his head and hits him there, and asks him why he didn't use his handkerchief. Then he goes out and wriggles to get the hairs out of his neck, and wonders what the other boys will say to him.—[Philadelphia Press.]

A negro riding a mule tried to ford the river one day," said W. R. Cottrell, the bill poster, "but failed and was drowned. The mule, however, swam ashore and was duly taken possession of by the proper authorities. Later the negro's body was recovered. On searching the remains a revolver was found in one of the pockets. What do you think the justice did?"

"Held an inquest, of course," said our representative.

"No," said Mr. Cottrell, "he organized a police court there and then and tried the dead negro for carrying concealed weapons?"

"What was the result?"

"He fined the nigger \$50 and took the mule in payment. I believe he's got the mule yet."—[St. Louis Critic.]

This is an anti woman's rights fable from *Life*. A bear once fell in love with a Setting Hen, and told her one day that she might go to a picnic and he would hatch out her eggs for her. She consented, and the gallant Bear took his position on the nest in the regular manner, but soon got up, looking as if he had been reclining in a bowl of egg nog as a substitute for an arm chair. "The next time I fall in love with must do my own hatching," he remarked to himself in great disgust, as he took his melancholy departure. "I hatched out the eggs at the very first clatter, but there are no chickens in them." Moral: This fable teaches that some duties pertaining to domestic economy are too subtle and mysterious to be brilliantly discharged by the Lord of Creation.

Recent soundings over the top of the Atlantic ocean prove the existence of a sunken ridge often less than 1,000 fathoms from the surface, while on either side the water has a depth of 3,500 fathoms. The elevation of the ocean's bed to a height sufficient to make it dry land would therefore bring up a range of mountains, varying from 9,000 to 15,000 feet in height. The higher points of the sunken ridge now form the Azores islands.

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Sadly Beaten.

A short time since a young man called socially on a young lady. Pretty soon another visitor put in an appearance. Number one resolved to "sit him out," or fight it out on that line till the gray dawn. So he turned his attention to the young lady and marshaled all his entertaining forces, and conversational powers to the task of monopolizing her attention, and of overhauling and keeping number two quiet and unoccupied. Hour after hour passed by, and no indication of number two's success to climb to his dreary fate. While number one continued to lead the young lady in conversation number two offered no interruption, and after a time fell asleep in his chair. Then number one thought surely when he awoke he would feel his defeat and pull out from there. After so long a time conversation began to flag. Then it was that number two awoke up, fresh as a summer morning-glory, and manifested a disposition to take a hand in the entertainment, late as it was. Thereupon number one gave up the contest and politely bowed himself out. Imagine his chagrin—his immeasurable disgust—when shortly afterwards it transpired that the young lady and number two had some time previously been privately married.—[Union Local.]

A Boston exchange says: "Kentucky ideas upon the subject of bankruptcy obtained a triumph in Congress on Monday and the Bankruptcy Bill was killed." This should be accepted as a graceful compliment by all good Kentuckians, as it implies: (1) That we have developed a national influence highly creditable to our mental calibre and physical prowess; and (2) that we have exercised our greatness in dispatching a legislative measure as dangerous as it was pretentious. We are evidently rising in the world in the opinion of our learned and dignified contemporaries. Kentucky has been able to veto a piece of legislation which the country at large has been pinning for with a pine of extreme intensity and distressing duration.—[Currier Journal.]

PAY THE PRINTER PROMPTLY.—Patrons

who patronize the papers should pay prompt attention, for pecuniary prospects of the press have peculiar power in pushing forward the public prosperity. If the printer is paid promptly, and his pocket book is kept plentious by prompt paying patrons, he paints his picture of passing events of more pleasing colors, and the perusal of his paper is of more pleasure to the people. Paint this piece of proverbial philosophy in some place where all persons can perceive it. Be pleased, also, to ponder on it thine patiently, perseveringly, profitably, and persistently practice its precepts perpetually.—[Lexington Gazette.]

David E. Swan, formerly of St. Paul, has learned that the way of the transgressor is hard. He embezzled \$50,000 and ran away from home and family. Search proved vain and he was almost forgotten.

He went to Michigan, secured profitable employment, was superintendent of a Sunday school, a pillar in the Baptist church, agent of a Masonic insurance company, and to crown his seeming good fortune, was elected prosecuting attorney for his county. Then the law found him out and he was arrested and will go to prison for a long term of years.

The Lincoln monument at Springfield Ill., was built by a dishonest contractor, who used blocks of pine, instead of blocks of granite, wherever he thought the difference would not be noticed—until he had his money in hand. It has now, at a cost of \$50,000, been rebuilt and is reported in good condition. The remains of Mr. Lincoln had to be removed five times while the repairs were going on.

Senator Mahone has been a speculator all his life. His father, who a kept country tavern in Virginia, taught William the game of poker. It is one of the traditions of Mahone's history that he best his father at a game of cards one day and won the tavern. The old gentleman, it is said, had to go elsewhere to live. Mahone made his fortune as a railroad wrecker and is largely interested to-day in Southern railroads.

One of the largest and most experienced breeders and raisers of horses in Illinois says that if you will give one or two mouthfuls of hay to the horse before you water him, there will never be any danger of the horse being water-fouled. This is, as far as his experience is concerned, and is worth being remembered by all horsemen.

TO CURE WARTS.—Rub them a number of times daily with chalk.

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this country we would say that we have given the agency of Dr. Marchis' Italia Pile Ointment—especially guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50 cents a box. No cure, no pay. Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

We emphatically guarantee Dr. Marchis' Calomel, a female remedy, to cure Female Diseases, such as Ovarian Troubles, Induration and Ulceration, Falling and Displacement or bearing down feeling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of Life, Leucorrhœa, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like Headache, Bleeding, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by druggists. Prices \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle. Send to Dr. Marchis, Utica, N. Y., for pamphlet, free. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

M'ROBERTS & STAGG  
DRUGGISTS AND PHARMACEUTISTS,

Opera House Block, Stanford, Ky.

DEALERS IN

Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Lamps, Wall Paper, Books, Stationery, Soaps, Wines, Liquor, Cigars, Tobacco, Perfumery, Musical Instruments, Pocket Cutlery, Fire Arms, Needles.

Our Jewelry, Silverware and Optical Goods Department is in charge of Col. Thos. Bichards, who will repair Watches and Clocks promptly and in the best style.

**H.C. RUPLEY.**  
I have received and am still receiving New Goods for Fall and Winter, comprising the best in the market, which will be gotten up in style and make second to none in city or country. Give me a trial. H. C. Rupley

**SEVEN THINGS TO REMEMBER.**

1st. That Dr. Bourne is a graduate of one of the best New York Medical Colleges.

2d. That he is an old Druggist, having learned the business in Lexington, and had an experience of over eight years at the prescription case.

3d. That his Medicines are all fresh, just from the laboratories of New York and Philadelphia.

4th. That he does not trust to others, but puts up his own hands all prescriptions entrusted to his care.

## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stamford, Ky., January 16, 1855

W. P. WALTON.

The whipping post may be a "relic of barbarism," but its reestablishment would do much to put an end to petty thieving. In every community there are more or less men too poor to live honestly without work and too lazy to engage in it. They would rather be well fed and kept in jail, than to go hungry and breathe the free air of heaven. In course of time the tax payers will grow tired of paying to help support the miserable losers, and then there will come a demand for a better and more effective method of punishing the petty thief. —[Georgetown Times.]

THE young man who does the Kentucky *Topics* on the Louisville *Commercial* deserves a vote of thanks for his continued efforts to call attention to the varied resources of Kentucky. No enterprise looking in the least toward their development escapes his eagle eye nor fails of a word of encouragement. If all the newspapers of the State would show as much zeal in the good cause, Kentucky would soon be the seat of hundreds of paying enterprises.

Two more fellows have invaded an editor's office for the purpose of threshing him with the same old result—they didn't do it but got very much the worst of the fight. Two New Orleans politicians, who thought themselves outraged by the editor of the *Mascot*, went to his office and opened fire. It was returned both by the editor and one of his employes and both men were mortally wounded. The editor was slightly shot in the arm.

SCHUYLER COLFAX, Vice President with Grant from 1868 to 1872, dropped dead in the depot at Mankato, Minn., Tuesday, it is supposed of heart disease. He was born in New York in 1823, was an editor for a number of years; an intimate friend and adviser of Lincoln during his administration and from 1863 to 1867 was Speaker of the National House.

GOV. CLEVELAND will be inaugurated on March 4, which this year falls on Wednesday, as it did in the year when Jefferson, Jackson and Buchanan were inaugurated. This marking Wednesday a good democratic day without robbing the republicans of the credit attached to "Black Friday."

SECRETARY FRELINGHUYSEN has ordered a life-size portrait of ex Secretary Blaine for the State Department. The work will cost about \$500, and ought to come out of his pocket instead of the people's. The gifted liar does not need to be perpetuated in oil to make people remember him.

THE Senate passed the bill to place Gen. Grant on the retired list of the army with rank of Lieutenant General by a vote that lacked only nine of being unanimous. So it is likely that the old fraud will get \$17,500 yearly of the people's money hereafter to splurge and splutter on.

THE Paris *News* says of the Redmon pardon: "The great masses of the people here heartily sanctioned the decision of the courts, and were shocked as if by an earthquake at the action of the Governor. Indeed, they felt that justice had been greatly outraged."

BARNUM has offered Grant \$100,000 and a part of the profits if he will permit him to exhibit his relic, giving bond for half a million for their safe return. Now is Grant's chance to get his money back.

MURPHY's Temperance campaign is a big thing for the nation business. During his stay at Pittsburg he obtained 15,000 signatures to his pledge, upon which he tied 1,500 yards of blue ribbon.

THE Board of Trade at Louisville has re-elected John E. Green president. Does this mean that the body endorses his views on the "Malady of State rights?"

### NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Gen. John S. Marmaduke is now Governor of Missouri.

—A bill has been presented in Congress to fund the national debt at 2½ per cent.

—Gen. Butler has issued a Boston paper for \$25,000 because it ridiculed his war record.

—A cyclone in the vicinity of Selma and Montgomery, Ala., and Macon, Ga., destroyed an immense amount of property.

—A strike in the Oliver Chilled Plow Works at South Bend resulted in a riot in which many were wounded and six killed.

—The oldest bell foundry in the United States, located at Collinsville, Ill., burned. Fifteen thousand bells were destroyed. Loss, \$60,000.

—Six hundred merchants of New York, representing capital to the amount of \$500,000,000 have signed a protest against the Spanish treaty.

—The flood in the Tiber is so great that water entered the Pantheon and floated timbers with which it was intended to build a requiem altar.

—The Superior Court has decided that a sheriff has no authority to receive payment of a judgment in favor of the Commonwealth for a fine except on process.

—The New York Sun proposes a great popular subscription in Gen. Grant's behalf, the amount to be given by any one individual to be limited to \$10.

—Governor Bowles has ordered three companies of militia to be in readiness to move to the Hocking Valley. The situation is reported to be full of pending danger.

—Maud B. Williams, aged seventeen, was divorced from Charles W. Williams, aged twenty, at Greenfield, Ind. The charges were bad treatment and threats of bodily harm.

—The River and Harbor Bill has been completed by the House committee. The total amounts to \$10,500,000.

—Gov. Knott has very improperly supplemented the respite he granted Capt. A. J. May a year ago by a pardon in full.

—Whisky has taken a little boom with everything else. Yesterday Ford & Bowens sold by wire to St. Louis parties, 635 barrels of '82 crop at \$2 per gallon. —[Bourbon News.]

—The Union county court lets out the county levy to the lowest bidder, that of 1855 being taken at 3½ per cent. Sheriffs are allowed 4 per cent. for performing like services.

—The widow of Mark Hopkins intends building at Great Barrington the most expensive residence in the United States. The cost of the house and grounds will be \$5,000,000.

—The Court of Appeals has overruled a petition for a rehearing of the case of Wm. Neal, under sentence of death for the murder of Emma Carico, in Ashland, in December, 1881.

—Belva Ann Lickwood has petitioned the Senate asking that votes cast for her in certain States be counted, and that the electoral vote of Indiana be given her. Belva seems to be a fool.

—Gov. Wm. Isle, of Wyoming Territory, died Tuesday evening, after a lingering illness from kidney complication. He was appointed Governor by President Arthur August 3, 1882.

—A jury in the inquest on the bodies of the victims of the St. John's Home fire (Brooklyn), found that the fire started from the accidental burning of some towels in the drying-room of the laundry.

—E. M. Helms, temporary Speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives, has decided he holds a constitutional office, which can only be vacated by his voluntary resignation or impeachment.

—The director of the mint, Washington, reports that during the past year the gold newly coined was \$23,726,852, and silver \$7,250,150. Six millions of trade dollars have been withdrawn from circulation.

—An injunction was granted the Bell Telephone Company against the Overland Company in New Jersey and Philadelphia. Bell stock on the strength of this went up to 2½, or 15 points higher than it opened.

—Geo. H. McFadden, the accomplice of Prentiss Teller, who robbed the Pacific Express Company of St. Louis of over \$100,000, pleaded guilty to grand larceny and was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary.

—The Lexington *Press* says the exact amount of Scrugham's steaming is \$65,000. His peculation covers a period of about twenty months, or from the time of his promotion to the position of Teller and Assistant Cashier.

—A Washington Special says Mr. Bayard is entirely willing to remain in the senate if Cleveland will put Pendleton at the head of the State Department. Bayard holds that Pendleton's influence would be exerted in favor of reform, and that the Ohio Senator could accomplish all that he (Bayard) could and perhaps more.

—After a long and bitter discussion the resolution offered by Mr. Hawley calling on the President for a copy of the historical statement concerning the public policy of the Executive department of the Confederate States filed at the War Department by Gen. Sherman, was passed 52 to 10. Senators Vance and Lamar, Sherman and Ingalls, each grew very hot in the col. —Mrs. Laura Shrewsbury, of West Virginia, a grand-niece and the oldest surviving relative of Gen. Geo. Washington, is dead, aged 75. She was a daughter of Harriet Washington, who was a daughter of Samuel Washington. Her father was Andrew Park, of Baltimore. Among the relics of Gen. Washington possessed by Mrs. Shrewsbury was a gold snuff-box, presented him by the City of New York.

—PAINT LICK, GARRARD COUNTY.

—A coal black fox has been seen several times in this vicinity.

—The house and contents of Mr. John Terry on Silver Creek were consumed by fire last Saturday night. No insurance.

—It is reported that a colored lady in this vicinity gave birth to twin boys, a few nights ago, one was white and the other jet black.

—Armstead Adams, Jr., and Mason Phillips went courting Wednesday night and came back with only one saddle skirt apiece. Some scamp thought while the boys were having such a nice time he would appropriate their skirts for shoe soles.

—The adjusting agents are not giving satisfaction in adjusting the losses caused by the fire here. Ward & Lutes were insured in the Hartford & Liverpool for \$5,000 and had to settle on a compromise of \$1,775, no damage being allowed on the goods that were taken from the fire. Mr. Lutes says he will never have anything more to do with an insurance company.

—Mr. George Sandifer and Miss Fannie Pope, Mr. C. T. Vandepier and Miss Mary A. Pope obtained license to marry Tuesday. The ladies named are sisters, and daughters of Mr. Henry Pope of the west end of the county.

—George Lawrence sold to Louis Cohn his store room and stock of boots and shoes for \$3,000. Mr. Lawrence has rented the upper story of the building and will there continue the manufacture of fashionable boots and shoes.

—Cassius Rice, an old negro of about 60 years, was on Wednesday adjudged to be of unsound mind and ordered to the Asylum at Lexington. Uncle Charley is crazy about women, but if every fellow who is a little wrong on that subject is to be confined, an Asylum will have to be built in every county in the State.

—Among the young ladies who attended Caldwell College in the years 1868 and 1869 was Miss Althes Hill. Her people lived near St. Louis somewhere in Illinois. She was a great favorite with her associates and was noted for her beauty and graceful manner. After leaving school she on one occasion visited Danville in company with her brother, Mr. Morgan Hill. The school girl of that period, your correspondent learns to day, is the same person who figured recently as plaintiff in the celebrated Hill-Sharon divorce case in California.

—Mr. J. E. Vimont, of Millersburg, is assisting Mr. A. Tribble in the hotel office at Junction City. Mr. H. G. Evans is absent in Tennessee near Boyd's station, on a hunting excursion. Miss Mattie McAllister

### MT. SALEM, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Thos. C. Jasper has sold his steam saw mill to John W. Witcher, of Middleburg.

—There are rumors in this section of an infant being found buried 8 inches deep in the graveyard on the Christian church near Middleburg on last Sunday, which has not yet been satisfactorily accounted for. It was found on starting to dig a grave for another child. We are in hopes the mystery will be fully and satisfactorily explained.

—John Lay moved from near Yonemite, in Casey county, to this vicinity on the 10th inst. Mrs. Serena Jasper, of Indiana, is on a visit to her son, T. C. Jasper. Miss Florence Williams and her brother, John Williams, returned to their home on the 9th inst. Ambrose Bell, now blind, has returned from Kansas to the land of his nativity.

—The telephone, for some time out of use, is now in operation here, but it is said that when important messages are on hand it is difficult to find the "hello" boy at the other end of the line. We heard a female on Saturday call to know whether there was anybody living in Hustonville or not, and after several ineffectual attempts at the imminent risk of injuring her lungs—as she was a female of not very huge proportions—she succeeded in awakening the gallant J. B. Green, who responded to her inquiries.

### Grant's Sham Modesty.

[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]

The possessor of only ordinary intellect never rightly realizes how feeble and insufficient are his powers of perception and reason until he measures them by those of superior beings. A striking illustration of this fact may be had by comparing the views of average mortals with those of the editor of the *Courier Journal*, suggested by the recent correspondence between Grant and Vanderbilt. From this editor's lofty

point of observation the conduct of Grant in accepting immensely valuable gifts whilst he was in the zenith of his military and political glory and power and in the highest state of pecuniary prosperity, was very different from what it would have been had he accepted Vanderbilt's generous offer made to assist him as "a helpless old man overwhelmed by misfortune" and the recognition of this difference is greatly to the General's honor. Though it is darkly and dubiously intimated that the great General did not display first-class wisdom in suffering his admiring benefactors to bring him under great personal obligations to themselves by taking all they had to give, still whatever impropriety there was in this was offset, we are told, by the fact that his acceptance of the gifts "conferred distinction upon the givers." This mode of squaring accounts between the donors and the donee seems plain enough, but exactly how conferring distinction upon the donor, in the manner mentioned, could cure the corrupting effects of the gifts, the editor deems it unnecessary to explain, that being "not a part of the subject." He also forgets to inform us how he learned that Vanderbilt's proposed kindness to Grant was not as much in consideration of the latter's distinguished public service as were the presents of his other admirers made years ago.

Now, to common, worldly minded men it would seem that there is more impropriety in accepting valuable gifts by one who is above the reach of want than by one "in the days of his poverty and helplessness." It looks on the surface, just a little greedy for a man to take and continue to take everything in sight, at a time when he is not in need at all, but burthened with riches, whereas it has the appearance of sham modesty for him to refuse help when he is professedly in sore need of it. It seems too, to plain people, that fifty-thousand-dollar houses, such as were donated to the hero of Appomattox and the Champion Smoker of all the Americans, were something more than mere "tributes to triumph," or at least were rather costly signs of respect. And, wicked as it may be to think so, the thought can not be suppressed that the money value of the property was not entirely lost sight of by the hero and smoker aforesaid.

But for the view of the knowing editor, which, of course, must be accepted as infallibly correct, it might be imagined that certain complications with the affairs of Grant, Ward & Co., possibly had some influence in causing the refusal of Vanderbilt's generosity. History tells that the firm of Grant, Ward & Co., of which the great General was a full member, in its downfall left a goodly number of its funding creditors in a dilapidated financial condition. According to law as well as moral right these creditors have a good and valid claim against Gen. Grant for the debts due by the firm to them, for which his property is liable. The mortgage made by him to Vanderbilt was made after the firm's collapse, and for that reason it would if attached, be held to be void as an attempt to prefer creditors; and upon that determination the property mortgaged would be ordered sold and the proceeds distributed *pro rata* among all the creditors. So, it is Vanderbilt's offered gift had been accepted by the Grants it most probably would have proven a "barren ideality," and in that event there would have been "bitterness and humiliation" sure enough—the humiliation of conviction of attempted fraud.

The pathetic story, which the editor tells so touchingly, may be designed to amuse the House of Representatives while considering the expediency and patriotism of placing the innocent, dear, delightful, old bill dozer on the retired list at a fat salary—who knows?

J. B.

Three billion wooden toothpicks are made annually in this country. Considering the vast number of persons who wear store teeth and do not need toothpicks, these figures are highly encouraging.

## The New Groceries and Hardware House of

# TAYLOR BROS.

HUSTONVILLE, KY.

Would kindly ask your attention to the fact that they have just returned from the cities with a large, fresh and well selected stock of

## Choice Family Groceries,

Endless in variety, dainty in quality, and satisfactory in price, this we guarantee. Our aim shall be at all times to supply every want in our line.

## Our Hardware and Pocket Cutlery

Consists of the standard brands of Europe and America. Our large line of cooking stoves includes the justly celebrated "Great Western Reserve" and many other family favorites.

OUR CHINA, GLASS, AND QUEENSWARE STOCK consists in part of Table, Tea and Chamber Sets complete. Glassware richly cut and etched. In the way of Breadstuffs we name Buckwheat flour, the queen of all tribes. Our celebrated "G. M." patent flour unrivaled for cake and pastry, while Rice and Hominy, our own patriotic products, are arrayed as faithful adjuncts. All the delicacies in foreign and domestic confections are here.

Tin, Stone, Wooden and Willowware, Electric lamps, Stationery, Canned Meats and Fruits, and a complete line of Cigars and Tobaccos. Well this is only a hint of what we have.

Believing that we can make it to your interest, we confidently ask an examination of our goods up your patronage,

Respectfully,

TAYLOR BROS.

# W. H. HIGGINS,

DEALER IN

Hardware, Horse Shoes, Groceries, Saddles, Iron, Nails, Queensware, Buggy Whips, Buggy Wheels, Stoves, Cane Mills, Harness, Spokes, Grates, Cedar Mills, Lap Covers, Rims, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars,

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden and Cast Pumps, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. Tin Roofing and Guttering will have prompt attention.

Salemen: W. H. McKinney, John Bright, Jr.

## Penny & M'Alister

### PHARMACISTS.

DRUGS, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND

FANCY ARTICLES.

Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.

—ALSO—

JEWELERS.

The Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware.

Ever bought to this market. Prices Lower than the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice and Warranted.

H. C. BRIGHT.

F. J. CURRAN.

# BRIGHT & CURRAN,

DEALERS IN

## Groceries, Hardware, Queensware

### AND

## FARMING IMPLEMENTS,

## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., . . . January 16, 1885

### L. & M. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North . . . . . 12 45 P. M.  
" " South . . . . . 1 P. M. P. M.  
Express train" South . . . . . 14 15 A. M.  
" " North . . . . . 15 16 A. M.  
The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 20 minutes faster.

### LOCAL NOTICES.

Buy your school books from Penny & McAlister.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

A COMPLETE stock of jewelry, latest style. Rockford watch a specialty. Penny & McAlister.

### PERSONAL.

—MR AND MRS. WILL CRAIG are visiting relatives in Carlisle.

—MR AND MRS. THOS. METCALF went to Nicholasville Tuesday to visit the family of Mr. John Metcalfe.

—MR. J. M. BRENT, of Chicago Creamery Co., is here preparing to build the establishment necessary for the business.

—MR. S. E. LACKEY, of Gallatin, Tenn., accompanied by his son, Will, arrived at his father's, Mr. W. M. Lackey's, Wednesday.

—MR. FRANK HARRIS has returned to Bowland and taken his old position of Chief Train Dispatcher on the Knoxville Branch. There is some talk of his being made Master of Trains.

—MR. JOHN TUCKER returned Monday night from a trip to Washington, New York and other cities, since which time he has been confined to his room at the Myers House, with something like fever.

—MISS RACHEL CARPENTER, who has been over on a visit to her sister, Mrs. G. C. Lyon, returned to Dr. E. B. Walker's in Cincinnati, Tuesday. Her friends say she is greatly improved in health.

—MISS S. M. WELLMAN, who has been the guest of Mrs. H. W. Powers and family, extends her many thanks to the ladies of Stanford for the many calls and will carry home with her a happy remembrance of her visit in Stanford.

### LOCAL MATTERS.

An exceedingly heavy rain has fallen since Wednesday night.

See our advertisement of implements it will pay you to give us a call. Bright & Curran.

Mr. T. J. BOSLEY makes fresco papering a specialty and contracts for all kinds of painting. He can save you money.

H. J. DARST offers for sale 12 building lots, 66x132 feet, between Stanford and Bowland, well located and accessible.

We have the biggest line of granulated and N. O. sugars ever brought to Stanford and at prices that defy competition. Bright & Curran.

I AM much in need of money and must have it to carry on my business. Those in debt to me will therefore please come forward and settle. H. C. Rupley.

I wish to say to the ladies, as it is the 1st of January, please come and settle their millinery bills as I am compelled to have money. Thanks for past patronage I solicit same. Respect, Kate Dudders.

WHAT a curiosity was the exhibition of grinding by the North Carolina Portable Corn Mill run by a small Taylor engine. It did its work admirably with the greatest of ease. Mr. Geo. D. Wren is agent for it.

TAKING advantage of the absence of the old folks, Dr. W. B. Penny has issued invitations to a "private hop" at their residence in honor of the young debutantes in society, Dr. Hugh Reid and Hob. Ferrel. To-night at 8 o'clock sharp the dance will be called.

—BROTHER BARNES will learn with undisguised sorrow of the death of his old family horse "Stagg" who used to pull him to the meetings hereabout. He was turned out the other day after a drive and "fell pretty flatly, pared up and tailing broke his neck." Mr. John Bright, who owned him at the time, says he died without a struggle, which fact may be of some consolation to his old owner.

THE Georgetown Times, which has seen the trouble that beset a creamery, says that some of our neighbors who are agitating the building of creameries would probably find it the part of wisdom to solve the question of the cream supply before investing too largely in butter-making establishments. This question settled favorably, there can be no doubt of the success of creameries and of their profitable ness to those who operate them."

THE DEVIL IN POLITICS AND RELIGION.—Prof. J. W. Lowther, Ph. D., of Louisville, will lecture to-night in the Christian church on the above named subject. This lecture has been delivered in Louisville and other cities and it is highly commended by the papers. There will be no admission fee, but each person at the close of the lecture will have the privilege of giving what he or she may think proper.

BANK DIRECTORS.—The following directors were elected for the ensuing year in the First National Bank. H. S. Withers, D. W. Vadever, W. P. Tate, H. C. Bright, J. S. Hooper, W. G. Welch, T. J. Foster, Craig Lynn and Sanford Erwin, county, Robt. Boyd, London, and J. T. Freeman, Williamsburg. The Farmers National elected Dr. E. Alcorn, J. K. Bangham, R. W. Given, J. M. Hall, J. B. Oxley, S. H. Shanks, J. W. Alcorn, G. W. James, county, and J. J. Williams, Mt. Vernon.

DESIRABLE store room in centre of business for rent in Stanford. W. P. Walton.

Two fine work mules the property of John W. Pennington were killed by the cars this week.

It will pay you to see our samples of sugar and coffee before purchasing as we are headquarters on them. Bright & Curran.

TWENTY FOUR shares of stock of the First National Bank of Stanford were sold here Tuesday by Mr. W. M. Weber, of Knoxville, at \$120.

PETE WHITLEY, the negro boy from Crab Orchard, who has been in jail here since he was pronounced insane, was taken to the asylum Tuesday by Deputy Andy Cowan. He was the wildest specimen ever seen.

MR. H. J. DARST has sold one of the 12 lots advertised in this paper to Mr. Willis Birrell for \$300. Surveyor John Bright showed us a drawing of the way the whole is to be laid out, which will make the lots very desirable.

THE elocutionary performance advertised to take place here last night did not come off. The weather and the prospect generally were very bad and discretion was thought the better part of valor. Prof. Hawes was here though and ready to perform his part of the contract.

MR. G. E. EVANS, Master of Trains, has been promoted to the position of Superintendent of the Kuoxville Branch. Mr. Evans started a few years ago as night operator and has worked himself up to the very high position which has now been given him. He is capable and popular and the boys are delighted at his promotion. Mr. J. F. Downey, who has been train dispatcher in the Louisville office, has been made Master of Trains.

A very slim audience attended the concert at the Opera House Wednesday night, and of consequence it was rather a split-level affair. There seems to have been somewhat of a conflict of feeling between the Methodists and the Presbyterians, because the former announced, after the latter had publicly done so, this entertainment a night in advance of the other, but Miss Addie Purnell, who had charge of the concert disavowed any intention whatever to get ahead of the Presbyterians. In fact nothing was further from her mind. She had said repeatedly that the concert would be given about the 15th because the organ had to be returned or paid for by that time, and had so told several Presbyterian ladies who had asked her about it. So much in explanation by request. The public can judge for itself. The matter is a source of indifference to us one way or the other. But to return to the concert, Miss Eldridge, of course, carried off the honors. She could do that most anywhere, possessing as she does an unusually fine voice, splendidly cultivated. Her solos were loudly applauded and she responded once or twice to encore. Miss Fannie Reid, having proved herself an actress in former entertainments, showed her versatility by acquitting herself most creditably as a vocal list. Her solo was much enjoyed. Mrs. James P. Bailey, who has a very sweet voice, sang "I dream that I dwell in Marble Halls" with fine effect. Mrs. J. M. Phillips, Misses Bell Tyree, Jennie and Emma Saufley, Florence Trueheart, Maggie Oxley, Jennie Crane, Lucy Tate and Lizzie Farris, all did well and added much to the melody of the occasion. The Gold and Silver Quartet, composed of Messrs. J. T. Carson, Dr. L. F. Hoffman, Joe F. Waters, and Prof. P. L. Baker, gave some excellent evidences of their skill, which were roundly applauded. Under more favorable circumstances the occasion would have been a most enjoyable one, for Miss Purnell showed much taste in the arrangement of the programme.

### MARRIAGES.

—The Honey Grove, Texas, Simon publishes a notice of the marriage of Miss Ida Graves, neice of Mr. P. P. Nunnelley, of this place, to Prof. J. L. Pierce, who is a nephew of the late Bishop G. F. Pierce, of Georgia.

—The Frankfort Woman gets this off on Wilbur B. Thoburn's marriage to Miss Mary Jones:

To our sorrow the life of this new pair, so sorrow shall occur; The husband makes his promise fair And will, B. Good to her.

—Mr. John S. Murphy, Jr., and Miss Mattice, the amiable and pretty daughter of Mr. L. B. Nunnelley, were married at the latter's residence, Wednesday, by Eld. W. A. Gibson. Afterwards the happy pair and their friends repaired to Mr. A. D. Root's, where a sumptuous supper was spread before them. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy have started life young and we heartily wish them a bon voyage.

### RELIGIOUS.

—Moody's success in Richmond, Va., was unprecedented. Nearly everybody professed religion.

—The new Christian Church in Nicholawill will be dedicated next Sunday by Elder J. S. Sweeney, of Paris.

—The eldest son of Justice John M. Harlan has become a minister of the Gospel, giving a great promise of becoming prominent.

—In a Toronto church Sunday evening, the pastor, Rev. Kennedy Keighton, chose for his first lesson Paul's conversation on the way to Damascus. He had just finished the words "and he fell to the earth," when he was struck with paralysis and dropped unconscious in the pulpit. There is little hope of his recovery.

We have not only called Mr. S. John, but, if we are not greatly mistaken we have proven him to be—in politics at least—a scoundrel. And we are not done with him yet.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

### LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

—Jim Ed Bruce sold to Lige Burnside a lot of 156 lb red shotts at \$1.

—Thorn & McIlwain sold to W. H. Hendricks, of Flemings, 44 two-year-old mules, for \$5,030, nearly \$115 per head.

—The total value of stakes won during 1884 in Great Britain (not including prizes for second and third horses) amounted to \$1,948,591 22.

—Charles M. Spoonamore bought of James N. Reynolds his small farm containing 43 acres near Logan's Creek, adjoining David Spoonamore for \$1,500 cash.

—The Cincinnati Price Current estimates the total packing in the West since November last at 4,105,000 hogs, compared with 3,710,000 a year ago, being an increase of 365,000, or 9% per cent. gain over last year.

—There is a fair demand for the best butcher grades of cattle in Cincinnati and for shippers, but lower grades are dull. Prices run from 2 to 2½ for common to 5½ to 6½ for best. Hogs are weak and lower. Quotations run from 3½ to 4½. Sheep are dull and weak at 2½ to 4½.

—Judge C. H. Beck has sold his farm on Silver Creek, containing 450 acre, to J. P. Simmons, Jr., Samuel Rose, R. M. Hagan and Thompson Duerson at \$50 per acre. W. W. Willie has sold to Charles Walker 24 two-year-old mules for the Atlanta market at \$100 per head.—[Richmond Herald.]

—The sudden enormous demand from the Southern States for horses and mules is causing unusually large shipments through this city. Fifty car-loads of horses and mules from Kentucky have been shipped through during the past week, besides about seventy-five car loads from East and West Tennessee. The stock men state that prices are very fair.—[Chattanooga Times.]

—The stockholders in the Spencer country creamery are in fine spirits over this new enterprise. It has been in operation now long enough for them to know that it is not only a financial success but that it will prove of great advantage to our enterprising farmers who will embark into this new and profitable business.—[Taylorsville (Ky.) Courier.]

### MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Managed by Jno. B. Fish.

—Judge M. H. Oxley's friends are very sorry to learn that he was unwell and unable to attend this term of court.

—Mr. and Mrs. Van Nys, of Livingston, have been in town this week assisting in the temperance work. They seem to take a deep interest in it. Mr. Thomas N. Roberts has been confined to his room for several days with a very severe attack of pneumonia fever. He is improving at this writing.

—Helle Shipley, colored, has not been arrested for concealing the birth of her child, as stated in your last issue. The officers don't seem to care for such a crime as that to be committed in our midst. About three weeks ago, there was another colored woman in our town who reported that her bastard child, some three months old, had been smothered to death. There was no investigation made in that case either, but the grand jury will investigate them both.

—Mrs. C. S. Nield, of Altamont, "The Queen of the mountains," has been holding a series of Temperance meetings at this place for the last week. I believe nearly all in town, both old and young, male and female, have signed the pledge. We can say from the outlook before us, that if the present glorious good work goes on, the evil of the damnable in our community will be forever stopped. We hope others may take up the work after their efficient leader leaves them.

—The present grand jury is composed of honorable and upright citizens and men who will do their duty without hesitation. Their names are as follows: Wm. Stewart, foreman; J. C. P. Myers, George Gentry, P. J. Hiatt, Jas. P. Taylor, John Gentry, George Proctor, John C. Childers, R. L. Myers, Jonas Brown, Lee Coffey, Eli Dickson, T. J. McGuire, W. C. Kirby, W. P. Chestnut, Jr. and W. C. Burdett. The petit jury is composed of the following named persons: W. G. Proctor, J. J. Parsons, Mitchell Norton, H. S. Brannaman, A. J. Samms, Calhoun Hayes, Elihu Mullins, J. L. Ramsey, M. C. Owens, Mason Anglin, David Henderson, A. K. McClary, Adam Towsley, G. W. Martin, A. W. Stewart, A. T. Fieb, J. L. Ping, T. J. Coffey, John Roberts, W. N. Forbes, J. M. Hunt, Wm. Clark, J. F. Taylor, and Eli Coffey.

—Mr. E. C. Walton, the clever young Business Manager of the INTERIOR JOURNAL, was in town Monday and Tuesday. He called on all the old subscribers and also obtained several new ones. We suppose he will come often and stay longer hereafter. The following attorneys are attending court at this place: Hon. Thomas Z. Morrow and O. H. Waddle, Somerset; R. C. Watton and J. W. Alcorn, Stanford; Cole W. O. Bradley and S. M. Burdett, Lancaster; Hon. R. Boyd, W. L. Brown and Judge G. Pearl, London; Judge H. C. Hanan, Williamsburg; J. W. Yerkes, Danville; Mr. Will Reppert, of Liberty; M. F. Brinkley, of Louisville, is in town this week. W. M. J. Weber, of Knoxville, Tennessee, is visiting at this place. J. D. Chandler was in town yesterday.

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culity was found in obtaining a jury to try the case. All the attorneys who are eligible to sit on the bench are employed in the case, either on one side or the other. Col. W. G. Welch was telegraphed for to try the case, but he could not come. The attorneys then agreed for Hon. R. Boyd, of London, to act as special judge in the case and he was telegraphed for. The first step taken was to order the sheriff to summon 100 jurors to appear before the court on Tuesday next at which time the case is set for trial. Both sides seem very anxious for a trial. A number of whisky and pistol cases have been tried, and the usual fines and judgments have been assessed against the offender.

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# DARK DAYS.



"What is the matter?" she asked. "Have you two young people been quarreling?"

I turned away, went past the screen which is sometimes put up to insure privacy, out of the iron gate, into the narrow street. I watched the lounging, dignified-looking men and the dark-eyed women who went by; I looked at the merry urchins at play; and, after what seemed an interminable quarter of an hour, returned to learn how my genial counsel had succeeded with my suit.

My mother and Philippa were sitting with their arms around each other. Philippa, I entered the *patio*, raised her eyes to mine with a look of shy happiness. My mother rose and took the girl by the hand.

"Basil," she said, "I have at last been able to persuade her that you and I, at least, rise above the conventionalities of what is called the world. I have told her that, knowing all I know, I see nothing to prevent her from being your wife. I have told her that simply for her own sweet sake I would rather see you marry her than any woman in the world. And, Basil, I fancy she has made her bilious no."

With her soft eyes full of maternal love, my mother kissed me and left the court. I opened my arms to close them round the fairest woman in the world, and all the earth seemed bright and glorious to me. My great love had conquered!

And yet, even in that moment of bliss, my thoughts involuntarily flew away to a snow-beaten road in England—to a white drift, under which for days and days a ghastly object had once been lying. A dream! a dream! It must have been a fearful dream. Forget it, Basil North, and be happy in the happiness you have at last won!

## CHAPTER X.

### THE SWORD FALLS.

Once conquered—once convinced that his obstacles which her solicitude for my welfare raised against my wish were not insuperable—Philippa offered no further resistance; while as for me, every day that might be counted before I called her my wife seemed a day spoiled, if not entirely wasted. With my mother's arguments to back my own fervent persuasion, I had no difficulty in winning Philippa's consent; our marriage taking place as soon as the useful formalities could be completed with, and yet, although the day was fixed, it was at my instance changed, and the ceremony postponed for awhile.

My reason for deferring my crowning happiness was this. Knowing all that I knew, the question arose, under what name was Philippa to be married? Under her own maiden name, under the false name which for some time Sir Mervyn Ferrand, for reasons best known to himself, had made her assume; or under that name which, supposing Mrs. Wilson had spoken the truth, she was logically entitled to bear. So anxious, so resolved was I that there should be no shadow of doubt as to the reality of her second and happier marriage, that after due consideration I determined to sacrifice my own inclination, and postpone our wedding long enough to give me time to pay a flying visit to England, where I could do my best to obtain such evidence as would show that Philippa was the dead man's widow.

I made the excuse that I found many matters of business connected with my property must be attended to before I could be married. I travelled to England—first to Liverpool—as fast as I could. I stayed there for a week, and during that time made full researches into the life and death of a woman who, as Mrs. Wilson said, had died on a certain date, and been buried under the name of Lucy Ferrand.

The information I acquired as to her antecedents is of no consequence to my story. Whatever her faults may have been, her history was sad one; indeed it seemed to me that the history of any woman who had been cursed by Sir Mervyn Ferrand's love was a sad one. However, the result of my investigation was, in short, this: Ferrand had married the woman many years ago. They had parted by mutual consent. With his cynical carelessness he had troubled me more about her, and, strange still, she had not troubled him. She died on the date given by my informant. The question of identity could be easily settled, so that it ever Philippa chose to claim the rights appertaining to Sir Mervyn Ferrand's widow, she would have no difficulty in making that claim good. But I trusted that years might pass before she learned that the man was the dead man's widow.

I made my presence in England known to no one; in fact, I felt that in returning to my native country I ran a certain amount of risk. For all I know to the contrary, there might be a warrant out against me, a suspicion as to the author of that night's work had in any way been directed to Philippa, I, the partner of her flight, could not hope to escape free. However, I comforted myself by thinking that if danger menaced, as I should have heard something about it, as after our first hurried start I had made no attempt to conceal our whereabouts. It would have been useless. My mother had friends in England with whom she exchanged letters. I had no agent and lawyer with whom, if only for financial reasons, I was bound to correspond. I had been obliged to write to my old friend William, and instruct him to get rid of the cottage as best he could, and to look out for a fresh place for himself. But all the same I did not care to let it be known that I was now in England.

While engrossed upon raking up evidence on Philippa's behalf, I did not neglect to make such inquiries as I could respecting the event which had happened that night near Roding. I found that, so far as the general public knew, the crime was still veiled in mystery. No one had been arrested; no man had been accused; no reason for the deed had been discovered, and as yet suspicion pointed to no one. Indeed, in spite of the hundred pounds reward offered by government, it seemed that Sir Mervyn Ferrand's murder was relegated to swell the list of undiscovered crimes. By this I knew that Mrs. Wilson had kept her promise of silence; and now that months had gone by, now that public attention had been turned from the thrilling affair, now that Philippa seemed as far or farther than ever from giving any token which suggested the

ing of recollection of what her wrong, her frenzy, had prompted her hand to do unknowingly, I dared to hope that any chance which remained of a revelation of the truth was reduced to a minimum. These results of my investigations and inquiries gave me immense relief, and my heart was all but gay as, armed with the proofs of the first Lady Ferrand's death, I hurried back to Seville, Philippa, and the happiness which I vowed should be mine.

We were married. Philippa and I were married! Married; and a few months ago I was lonely, miserable and heart-broken, dreading that the one I loved was lost to me forever! What matters the things which have filled those months, and made them the most painful of my life! To-day we are man and wife, joined together till death us do part!

I said no word as to the result of my inquiries in Liverpool. I had no difficulty in persuading Philippa, who in some things was as simple and trusting as a child, that it was necessary, or at least advisable, she should be married under the name which her first certificate of marriage affected to bestow upon her. She signed her name for the last it may, for ought I know, have also been the first time, as Philippa Ferrand; and I noticed that she abdicated as absurd the letter.

Although my bride was by birth half a Spaniard, and although I had by now in many ways conformed to the Spanish mode of life, we were still English enough to look upon going away somewhere for a honeymoon as indispensable. It would be but a short trip; and as my mother in our absence would be left at Seville alone, or with the servants only, we did not care to go very far away. It so happened that, although so close to Cadiz, we had not yet paid the town a visit, and thought the present a happy opportunity for so doing.

To Cadiz we went, and stayed several days at the Hotel *de Paris*. We liked the white walls to run, rising and shining above the dark blue sea, like, as I saw somewhere soon after, a white pearl in a crown of sapphires; or, as the Galicianas call it *toro de plata*, a silver cup. We liked the rows of tall towers, topped houses. We liked the movement and bustle on the quay mud in the port. We liked the walks on the broad granite ramparts, and the lovely view of the busy bay and country beyond; but all the same we agreed that Cadiz bore no comparison to our beautiful Seville, and the sooner we returned to that gay city the better.

Now that I had quenched my desire, was happy! After all that had passed, could I have been happy during those early days of our wedded life? As I look back upon them I sit and muse, trying in vain to answer the question to my own satisfaction. Philippa loved me—she was my wife; come good, come evil, she was mine forever. In so much I was happy, thrice happy. Could I have lived but for the present my life would have known no alloy.

But there was the past: I could not altogether forget the path which had led to such happiness as now was mine. I could be thankful that I alone knew all the horror and dangers with which that path was studded. I alone knew the secret of that night. Although I could keep it for ever, would it be always a secret?

Yes, and there was the future. Behind the happiness which was mine at present lurked a dread as to what the future held in store for me—for us. It was a dread which day by day grew stronger. The greater my happiness the more dreadful the thought of its being wrecked. The feeling that my house of joy was built upon sand was always gnawing at my most blissful hours, and the sooner we returned to that gay city the better.

Though in a whirl of despair, I believe that I assumed a kind of mechanical calm. I seem to remember that the two English tourists offered their assistance; that, as we bore Philippa to an extempore couch in the shadiest and coolest place we could find, I smiled, and attributed my wife's fainting fit to the heat of the sun, the smell of engines, or something of that kind. Little did those young men guess what their chance had brought. Little could they think that in speaking of Sir Mervyn Ferrand's death they had, perhaps, wrecked the happiness of two lives. My heart was full of grief and fear, but I bore myself bravely.

In spite of such restoratives as we could administer, Philippa's swoon lasted for a considerable time. I troubled little about that fact, but, to my secret well that we should have to pay the bill, and for a time, banished the dreadful memory of the past, but so suddenly intruded her brain. Could such a thing have been possible, I would almost have wished that her insensibility would continue until we reached Seville. But it was not to be so. By and by she aghast deeply, and her eyes opened. Consciousness and all its dreadful sequence was hers once more.

I spoke to her, but she made no reply. She shut her eyes from mine; she shamed my gaze, and I could not bear to look into the touch of my hand. During the remainder of that dreary journey not one word passed her lips. She lay with her face turned to the side of the vessel, heedless of the curious glances from fellow-passengers, heedless of my whispered words of love; heedless of all save her own thoughts—thoughts which led her, I trembled to picture whither.

Through many a weary hour, while the dredged steamboat ploughed its way up the broad muddy stream, I sat beside her, trying to find some way out of our sorrow. Alas! every road was stopped by the impassable obstacle of Philippa's knowledge of what she had done. For she knew it, I was certain. That look in her eyes told me so much. The duration of her insanity had been so short that I could gather no comfort from the fact that some merciful arrangement of circumstances who rendered her impulsive and lawless had failed to take this view of her act. I doubted, however, that the woman I loved had with a passionate love, if I could have quite absorbed her from the crime, with the remembrance of her words: "Basil, did you ever have a man?" still with me.

Yet, strange anomaly, I would, in fair fight, of course, have shot that man through the heart and have gloried in the deed. But then Philippa was a woman, and had not been the woman I loved? I might have shot from the one who, even in her madness, was urged to take such terrible vengeance.

I smited bitterly as I thought how a chance breath of wind had tumbled my house of cards to the ground. I smiled almost triumphantly as I told myself that, come what might—misery—shame—teeth—I had won and held for a week the one desire of my life. Nothing could deprive me of that memory.

At last! Still silent, answering my questions by monosyllables, Philippa was brought by me to our once happy home in Seville. My mother with arch smiles of welcome on her consolingly face, was at the gate of the *patio* ready to receive us. As she saw a kind of shiver run through my poor love's frame, she let my mother embrace and caress her without any display of reciprocal affection.

"What is it?" I said, in explanation. "I will take her to her room."

I led her to the apartment which my mother had in her absence fitted up for us. It was gay and beautiful with flowers, and there were many other careful little evidences of the hearty welcome which was waiting us. Philippa noticed nothing. I closed the door and turned toward my wife.

She looked at me with those wondrous dark eyes which seemed to search my very soul. "Basil," she said, in a low, solemn voice, "tell me—tell me the truth. What had I done that I ever did?"

The young fellows chattered on, quite oblivious to the fact that two of their neighbors understood every word they spoke. For some time I listened with great amusement; then the jolting motion of the steamer, the sluggish muddy flow of the stream, the monotonous banks past which we stole, exercised a soporific effect upon me, and I began to doze and dream.

Through my dreams I heard a name, a name, spoken clearly and distinctly.

I started and opened my eyes. Philippa's head was stretched forward as if she was intent upon catching some expected word spoken by another.

"Sir Mervyn Ferrand," I heard one of our fellow-voyagers repeat. "Yes, I remember him—tall, good-looking man. Where is he now? He was a bad lot."

To RELIEVE CROUP.—Give a little powdered alum and white sugar.

"Surely you read or heard about it?" said his companion in a tone of surprise. "I touched my wife's arm. "Come away, Philippa," I said.



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She made a motion of dissent. Again I urged her. She shook her head pettishly.

"Abi! I forgot where you have been for months," said the second tourist, laughing; "out of the pale of civilization and newspapers. Well, Ferrand was murdered—sho!

"Philippa, dearest, come, I implore you," I whispered.

It was too late. The look on her face told me that nothing would now move her.

She would hear the drearly truth, told perhaps with distorted details.

I groaned inwardly. The moment I had so long dreading had come. If I dragged her away by force—if I interrupted the speakers—what good could it do? She had heard enough. She would force me to tell her the rest. I could only pray that she would in no way associate herself with the men's death!

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